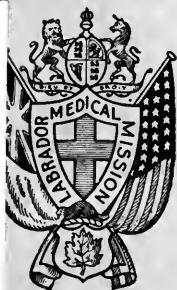


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The Grenfell Association

OF AMERICA

FOR AIDING PHILANTHROPIC WORK AMONG

The Deep Sea Fishermen of Labrador

HENRY VAN DYKE, PRESIDENT



With best wishes &
affec^d. remembrances
Wilfred Grenfell



Trap-boat Fishermen



The Andrew J. McCosh



St. Anthony Hospital



The Orphanage



A Happy Eskimo Mother

A BIT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By Wilfred T. Grenfell.

In 1883, while I was studying medicine at the London Hospital in Whitechapel, I was attracted by a huge crowd going into a large tent in the slums of Stepney. There was singing going on inside, and curiosity led me in.

As I left with the crowd, I came to the conclusion that my religious life was a humbug. I vowed in future that I would either give it up or make it real. It was obviously not a thing to be played with.* * *

Some time later I heard that one of England's famous cricketers, whose athletic distinctions I greatly admired, Mr. J. E. K. Studd, was going to speak in the neighborhood, and I went to hear him. Seated in front of me there were two or three rows of boys from a training-ship, all dressed in the same uniform. At the end of his speech Mr. Studd invited any one who was not ashamed to confess that Christ was his Master for this life, rather than a kind of insurance ticket for the next world, to stand up. I was both ashamed and surprised to find that I was afraid to stand up. I did not know I was afraid of anything. One boy out of all this large number rose to his feet. I knew pretty well what that meant for him, so I decided to back him up and do the same.

With this theological outfit, I started on my missionary career. What to do was the next question. I went to the parson of a church where I occasionally attended, and offered myself for a class of boys in his Sunday-school. They were downright East Londoners, and their spiritual education needed other capacities than those with which I had in my mind till then endowed the Sunday-school teacher. I remember being surprised that one boy, whom I carried to the door by the seat of his trousers and heaved into the street, objected by endeavoring to kick, while his "pals" in the school were for joining him in open mutiny. He got the last word, however, by climbing up outside the window and waving a hymn-book which he had stolen.

The next time I arrived the boys had got in before me.

(and out also), and the pictures and furniture were not as I had left them. I started to reform them in the ways that appealed most to myself. Five of us medical students had a house of our own; we used to clear our dining room of furniture and replace it with a horizontal bar and a couple of pairs of boxing gloves. We were able to lead in these things our noisiest boys, so they learned to control their own tempers and respect our capacities more.
* * *

My medical course being finished, I began to cast about for some way in which I could satisfy the aspirations of a young medical man and combine with them a desire for adventure and definite Christian work. Sir Frederick Treves, the famous surgeon, also a daring sailor and master mariner, who had twice helped us at our camp, and for whom I had been doing the work of an "interne" at the London Hospital, suggested my seeing if a doctor could live at sea among the deep-sea fishermen on one of the vessels of the Society for which he was a member of the council.* * *

Encouraged by results in 1892, I received the loan of the largest of the sailing vessels, a craft of ninety-seven tons burden, in which we sailed to the Labrador coast to see whether among English-speaking fishermen of the Northwest Atlantic, similar results might not be achieved.

In three months we had nine hundred patients, to whom we could thus commend our Gospel with pills and plasters, without fear of denominational interference. Besides this we had witnessed a condition of poverty to which we had been quite strangers over on the other side. Unable to do on the ship to those men, as we would have them do unto us under similar circumstances, we called on the way home at St. John's, Newfoundland, and laid the matter before the merchants, asking for help to build a hospital on the land, and promising to bring out a doctor and nurse to live there if they built it.

We have now four hospitals on that desolate coast—not palaces for pain such as one sees in these great cities, but humble wood buildings where a qualified doctor and trained nurse reside, where besides their own rooms, they have a dozen beds for sick people, a convalescent room, an operating room, and an isolation ward. These places are not only hospitals but hotels, places to which any one and every one is expected to come in sickness or any other kind of trouble whatever. Needless to say, they come often very long distances—in their boats in summer,

in dog-sleighs in winter. We do our part in the summer cruising in the hospital ships, the largest of which I serve as captain, and in winter by traveling from place to place—moving practically all the time, only making the hospital, which is kept open by the nurse, the headquarters to which we return whenever we think it necessary.

Here other methods of commending our Gospel are also open to us, owing to the extraordinary poverty and isolation of the people. Lack of experience made us satisfied for the first three years to try to cope with the question of hunger and nakedness, by collecting and distributing warm clothing, and assisting the people in various ways to get food.

It was not until 1896 that, seeing the futility of giving financial help to men who had to pay from \$7 to \$8 for a barrel of flour worth \$4, and \$2.50 to \$3 for a hoghead of salt which could be bought at St. John's for \$1, we set to work to find a new sermon to preach on this subject. Many of our most piteous cases at hospital were the direct fruit of chronic semistarvation. Thus our people fell victims to tuberculosis of glands and bones, owing only to the marasmus induced by insufficient food. This was more especially the case among children. A universal system of truck business prevailed; the "catch" of to-morrow was mortgaged for the food of to-day. The people seldom or never saw cash. The inevitable results were poverty, thriftlessness, and eventually hopelessness. The contention of the trader was always that the men's poverty was because they did not catch enough to support themselves. The answer was that they got enough to support at least thirty traders.

We started a sermon with a coöperative store as a text. The people around it were all heavily in debt; most winters they received so much government relief to keep them from actual starvation that the place was known as "The Sink." The people were almost all illiterate and knew nothing about business, and the little store went through varying fortunes. They had very, very little money to put in, and even that they were afraid to put in under their own names, for fear the traders should find out and punish them. One trader wrote me denying our right to interfere with his people, as if those whom he had tried to lead me to think were only the recipients of his "charity," existed solely for the benefit of his trade. I need not say that we had now to regret gaps in the

prayer-meetings once filled so fervently by our friends, the enemy.

Looking at the results of the sermon seven years afterward, I find the people clothed, fed, independent, with a new little church building, and children far-and-away better clad and educated. The movement has spread: there are now eight coöperative stores, with a schooner called the "Coöperator," which carries their products to and from the markets; the price of flour has uniformly kept under \$5 a barrel; the price of salt has been reduced nearly 50 per cent., and other things in proportion. We have had many troubles owing to poor fisheries, our own ignorance of methods of business, and our isolation. But our storekeepers and crew are Christian men, well aware that the best Gospel they can preach is to keep the store for Christ. As a contrast, I sent down a young friend from Boston, who had once been a preacher on the coast, giving him \$100 for his holiday to stay at this first store and "teach them how to manage a coöperative store." He was some three days at the store himself, seeing "nothing to do"; the rest of his time he spent preaching along the coast. The consequence was that the store suffered very materially, for I was home next year, and the people, afraid to handle their money, left the whole of their capital in the bank. I don't know that the memory of his sermons is a justification for his view of what was "most important" to the kingdom of God on the coast.

One of the chief troubles with our people was the long enforced idleness of the winter and the consequent necessity of living largely on the summer "catch." This necessitated their remaining scattered on the chance of catching fur-bearing animals in the winter, even if the actual "catch," as was often the case, didn't amount to a barrel of flour for the whole time. This again prevented their children being reached for educational purposes. It was long a problem to us what ought to be done to meet the difficulty. Eventually we took up a grant of timberland on which the Newfoundland Government permitted me special conditions, and we started to aggregate the people in winter by affording them remunerative work about the mill. To this we have added a small schooner-building yard, and hope shortly to add a cooperage, as we use many barrels in the fish industry. We have gathered together about this small effort this winter some two hundred and fifty people. A small school-house has been erected, and those who are managing the mill know that

this effort is their text from which they are to preach their sermon.

There can be no question that the Christ would to-day support all manly and innocent pastimes. So, to meet the needs of the long wintry evenings we have commandeered the two small jails in our district and converted them into clubs, with a library and games, which have been supplemented by the importation of footballs made of rubber for service on the snow. This has become so popular that our Eskimo women join the game with their babies in their hoods, and seal-skin footballs stuffed with dry grass have sprung into existence all along the coast.

The toys, which we usually credit Santa Claus with bringing from the North, had hitherto been conspicuous by their absence, the supply perhaps being exhausted. Anyhow the birthdays of the Labrador children, like the birthday of our Lord, have never been characterized by the joyful celebrations that formed oases in our own child life. We have turned the current of toys back to the North again. True, the dolls are often legless, the tops are dented, and the Noah's arks resemble hospitals. But these trifles have made the Christmas tree on the birthday of the Saviour no less a message of the love of God to these many birthdayless children, who thus keep their own on that day.

We have become residuary legatees for all the real estate in the orphan children line. Some years ago I buried a young Scotch fisherman and his wife in a desolate sandspit of land running out into one of the long fjords of Labrador. Amidst the poverty-stricken group that stood by as the snow fell, were five little orphan children. Having assumed the care of all of them, I advertised two in a Boston newspaper and received an application from a farmer's wife in New Hampshire. Later on I visited the farm; it was small and poor and away in the backwoods. The woman had children of her own. Her simple explanation as to why she took the children is worth recording: "I cannot teach in the Sunday-school or attend prayer-meetings, Doctor. They are too far away, and I wanted to do something for the Master. I thought the farm would feed two more children." I was glad she could not speak at the prayer-meetings. Perhaps after all we grade our Christians by a wrong standard. How many are losing the chances of preaching sermons that need no oratory? Is it one of the

causes of the failures of the churches that so much undeveloped capacity remains in the pews?

In what relation would the Christ stand to-day to wrong-doing? On our wild and almost uncharted coast, where the visits of strangers are very rare, many wrecks occurred that, to say the least, suggested to the underwriters that no illegal efforts had been made to save them. We were asked by Lloyds' Underwriting Agency to act as agents for them and furnish reports in case of losses occurring. At first we declined, fearing that the kind of espionage which would be necessary would be likely to interfere with our "spiritual" work. Later we began to think that it was not necessary to knock all the spirit out of men to make them "spiritual," so we accepted the post of Magistrate for the coast, and also Lloyds' agency.

Steaming down a long fjord late in October, we picked up the crew of a small steamer wrecked on the north shore. After landing the men for the last boat south to take them home, we returned and raised the steamer—hauled her keel out of the water at low tide, and found the only damage was a hole driven with a crowbar in her bottom. In endeavoring to tow her some six hundred miles south to St. John's, Newfoundland, we lost her in a gale of wind at sea, and with her our evidence of the crime.

It did not take us long to find out that this blow at unrighteousness had made us more enemies than many sermons. We have a saying that "it is only when you really tread on the devil's tail that he will wag it"—perhaps a modern synonym for "No cross, no crown." So long as the battle with sin is fought with kid gloves on, there will never be any need of the "fellowship of suffering." Last season after every one had left the coast, report reached St. John's that a large vessel loaded with fish and fully insured had been lost on the rocks six hundred miles north. On account of the rapidly forming ice, we were doubtful whether it would be possible to get at the ship. But fortune favored us; we were able to get her, raise her, and, almost to our own surprise, we were able to tow her, in spite of December gales, safely to St. John's Harbor. The consignee (the same man who had owned the steamer we lost, and who had "suffered other losses") was found guilty of barratry and sent down to penal servitude.

It is said that the world consists of two kinds of peo-

ple, "those who go out and try to do something" and those who "stay home and wonder why they don't do it some other way." How would the critic look at this? Was it "missionary"? * * * Is not the real problem of Christianity how best to commend it to the world? Can it most truly be advocated by word or deed? Can we afford to divorce the "secular" from the "religious," any more than the "religious" from the "secular"? It seems to me there is only one way to reach the soul—that is, through the body. For when the soul has cast off the body we cannot reach it at all.—*From the Outlook.*

Interesting descriptions of Dr. Grenfell's works are: Off the Rocks, Down to the Sea, by W. T. Grenfell, \$1.00 each; Labrador, by Dr. Grenfell and others, \$2.25; Adrift on a Pan of Ice, by W. T. Grenfell, 75c; A Man's Helpers, A Man's Faith, What Life Means to Me, by W. T. Grenfell, 50c each. These books may be ordered from the Secretary of the Grenfell Association.

AMONG THE DEEP SEA FISHERS,

a quarterly magazine, is devoted entirely to the interest of the work. Subscriptions (50 cents per year) may be sent to the Secretary of the Grenfell Association.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY

- 1892—The hospital vessel *Albert* sailed from England with Dr. Grenfell in charge as the only Mission doctor. He spent three months on the coast, holding services and treating 900 sick folk.
- 1893—Battle Harbor Hospital was presented by friends in St. John's, Newfoundland, and opened during the summer under a qualified nurse and doctor. The launch *Princess May* was added to enable the ship to do more work.
- 1894—Indian Harbor Hospital was opened for the summer, and for the first time Battle Harbor Hospital was kept open in winter. Friends in Canada began to help the Mission.
- 1895—The sailing hospital was replaced by the steamer *Sir Donald*, the gift of Sir Donald A. Smith, who has lived many years in Labrador. Nineteen hundred sick folk received treatment. Dr. Roddick, of Montreal, presented the sailing boat *Urelia McKinnon* to the Mission.
- 1896—A small coöperative store was started at Red Bay, in the Straits of Belle Isle, to help the settlers to

escape the "truck system" of trade and the consequent loss of independence and thrift. This has since spread to a series of eight with very beneficial results to the very poorest. The *Sir Donald* was carried out from her harbor by the winter ice and found by the seal hunters far at sea still frozen in. She had to be sold.

- 1897—The steam launch *Julia Sheridan*, given by a Toronto lady, replaced the *Sir Donald*. A large mission hall was attached to Indian Harbor Hospital for the use of the fishermen. Two thousand patients were treated.
- 1899—Largely through the munificence of the High Commissioner, the steel steam hospital *Strathcona* was built at Dartmouth, England, and fitted with every available modern appliance. At the request of the settlers, a doctor wintered in North Newfoundland.
- 1900—The *Strathcona* steamed out to Labrador. The settlers on the Newfoundland shore of the Straits of Belle Isle commenced a hospital at St. Anthony, and the Mission decided to adopt that place as a third station.
- 1901—The Newfoundland Government granted \$1,500 to stimulate the erection of St. Anthony Hospital. A small coöperative lumber mill was started to help the settlers of the poorest district to get remunerative work in winter, when they often faced semi-starvation. The schooner *Coöperator* was purchased and rebuilt by the people to assist the coöperative store efforts.
- 1902—A new wing was added to Battle Harbor Hospital, with a fine convalescent room and a new operating room. Indian Harbor Hospital was also considerably enlarged. Two thousand seven hundred and seventy-four patients received treatment—110 of these being in-patients in the little hospitals. The launch *Julia Sheridan*, with one of the medical officers in charge, was chartered by the government to suppress an outbreak of smallpox.
- 1903—Some new outbuildings were added to the Indian Harbor Hospital, and a mortuary and store were built at Battle Harbor Hospital. The third and fourth coöperative stores were started at West St. Modiste and at Flowers Cove to encourage

cash dealing and thrift. The *Princess May* went out of commission and was sold.

- 1904—A new house for the doctor was built at Battle Harbor. The steam launch *Julia Sheridan* had to be sold. She was replaced by a 10 H. P. kerosene launch called by the same name. An orphanage was built at St. Anthony to accommodate fifteen children. A building was also added for teaching loom work and general carpentering and lathe work.
- 1905—A doctor was appointed at the request of the people on the Canadian Labrador, with headquarters at Harrington, near Cape Whittle, on the north side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The first schooners were built at the lumber mill, which is now flourishing and helping to maintain one hundred odd families. Two consulting surgeons from Boston Universities visited us during the summer to help in the work. Through the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, between thirty and forty small portable libraries were distributed along the coast, containing from 50 to 100 books in each.
- 1906—Through the help of friends in Montreal and Toronto a new hospital and doctor's house were built at Harrington, and a second kerosene launch, called the *Northern Messenger*, was given for the work there. New dog sledges and teams were also given by the Montreal Weekly *Witness*. Some new buildings were erected at St. Anthony, including some small farm outbuildings, and some land was taken up from the Newfoundland Government with a view to trying to introduce cattle.
- 1906-07—In connection with the coöperative store at Flowers Cove, an industry of making seal skin boots has sprung up, and 1,500 pairs of boots were exported this summer. Around these small industries it is possible to aggregate women and children in the winter for the purpose of better education. A new wharf, stores for clothing and coal, and a large mission room are being added to Battle Harbor. Seven volunteers have joined the staff:—the lady in charge of the orphanage, an electrical engineer in charge of the general mechanical work, a teacher for night school and library work. The fourth hospital was kept open all last summer by a volunteer doctor from Har-

vard University and volunteer nurses from England. A teacher of arts and crafts was in charge of the industrial work at St. Anthony this year. The steam launch *Daryl* was given by the Dutch Reform Union of New York City and taken to Labrador by Students of Harvard University.

1907-08—The experiment of placing a trained nurse in fishing settlements farthest from the little hospitals has taken definite form in the building of a house at Forteau on the southern coast of Labrador, in which a nurse is permanently situated. The people of the place gave the labor freely, and the money for the material was the gift of a veteran of the Civil War, who, after being wounded at Gettysburg, journeyed on a fishing schooner to Labrador in quest of health, and in gratitude for great kindness shown him wished to make some return to the people of the coast. A second station is to be opened at Flowers Cove, at which place the people have guaranteed \$200 a year, being a poll tax of \$1 per annum on every family over that long district.

No less than four more small coöperative stores have sprung into existence, showing the belief of the people in the advantages they confer in helping to give independence and a sufficient living.

An electric light plant has been installed at St. Anthony largely through the kindness of the Trustees of Pratt Institute of Brooklyn. Not only has the light been introduced into all of the Mission buildings, but large lights have been placed at the wharf. Pratt Institute also sent up one of their graduates to install the plant. Already it has proved of inestimable value.

Through the generosity of the same institution, three Labrador students have taken courses in engineering, that they may afford their invaluable aid to communal life on the coast.

His Excellency, the Governor of Newfoundland, Sir William MacGregor, a highly skilled geodetic surveyor, has spent part of the summer with Dr. Grenfell on the Strathcona, improving the new chart of all the northern Labrador coast. This, it is hoped, will be issued shortly, because it is so badly needed by the many fishing craft that visit those waters.

A new power yawl was donated by Mrs. B. H. Buckingham, of Washington, and brought down by Yale students.

Volunteer teachers did excellent work this year at some of the small schools, and a volunteer from the experimental farm at St. Anne's did splendid work, showing us that we can grow many vegetables we have sore need of.

The new nurses sent us by Baltimore, a Washington friend, and others, have been doing invaluable work. We have, however, been very short of help along that line and could easily have found work for many more. Volunteer students from Johns Hopkins, Princeton, Williams, Yale, and Bowdoin, have had labors imposed on them they little anticipated when they set out for the summer. But all have done excellent, necessary work, that without them would have been impossible.

1908-09—\$10,000 collected by Miss Julia Little was expended on doubling the size of St. Anthony Hospital. When 58 patients arrived by mail steamer in one day and 32 the same day on schooners, with only 15 beds, it was found imperative to enlarge the accommodations. The work was carried on under Mr. Luther Turner of the Hill School, Pottstown, Pa., with many students helping him. The Orphanage also was doubled in size, as already the sitting-rooms had all become bedrooms. It is now called the "Sayre Orphanage"—and will accommodate 40 children. The reindeer herd has multiplied to 550, and much sterilized milk was put up for the winter. Some 4,000 logs and 397 wharf sticks were hauled home on an average of 15 miles by these animals. One or two that had to be killed were exceedingly valuable both for the meat and the hides. Miss Luther is again with us directing the industrial work. The cloth weaving has spread along the coast and a second center come into being. Several hundred dollars worth of rugs, homespuns, and other products have been sold. Some excellent woven rabbit skin rugs have proved a new use for these natural products.

A new center for agriculture was begun and much new land cleared—oxen and ploughs

being sent down. Mr. Richardson of the Macdonald Agricultural College furnished sufficient vegetables for the summer, and, with more workers, is planning to operate on a much larger scale next year. This venture we look on as particularly hopeful.

Dr. Wakefield, who has joined the staff, brought with him a valuable flock of Cumberland sheep, and Dr. Graham Bell of Baddeck sent us a fine prize Berkshire ram. A small factory for tinning salmon and berries, and making our own cod liver oil ran very successfully—some of the salmon sent to Boston has been judged of the very best. Other new houses have been built for workmen. A large new power house with wood-working machinery has been erected. In the spring a haul-up yard for repairing schooners will be added to render this a valuable new branch of work.

The students and alumni of Princeton University purchased and brought down for us a beautiful new power yawl called the "Andrew J. McCosh" in memory of their noble alumnus, Dr. Andrew J. McCosh.

A large new reservoir was blasted out and concreted largely by students as a water supply to Battle Harbor Hospital—the Government making a grant of half the expense. Wireless telegraphy was installed in the "Strathcona," and now we can't imagine how we got on without it. It brings our fishermen friends within reach of help and of valuable fishing information we could not possibly afford them before.

Among many volunteers who so generously gave us their help, we must especially thank nurses Carr-Harris, Hegan, Wilson, and Allan; Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Drs. Butler, Dimond, Musson, Clark, and Tinker; teachers, Misses Allen, McNair, Muir, and Mr. Ladd; Miss Dwight, the housekeeper of the Guest House; other workers, Messrs. Halsey, Hilles, and students from Yale, Harvard, Williams, Princeton, and Amherst. The special ear and throat work done by Dr. Musson of Philadelphia, brought relief to many suffering people. The Strathcona made her usual long summer trip but was

unfortunate enough to run on the rocks and somewhat damage her hull. She was, however, got off by the generous help of the natives and others, and finished her voyage as usual. The expedition to catch wild caribou for breeding was unsuccessful, but will repeat its efforts next year under the leadership of Mr. Edward Barr.

Seamen's Institute. The work on the new Seamen's Institute is at last begun. A splendid site has been purchased,—the old site having been so much curtailed by the widening of the road by the City Council as to be quite unsuitable. We look on this as a most important effort for the welfare of the fishermen, and are very anxious that Mr. Charles Karnopp, into whose hands the carrying out of the work is entrusted, shall not be hampered by want of funds. The Home will benefit every sailor visiting the port and should be a positive factor in the fight with the saloons and those that prey on sailors, that ages of negative teaching could not hope to accomplish. Most fervently do we ask the help and sympathy of all interested in fishermen and sailors for this branch of the work.

1909-'10—Institute commenced and building in process of erection.

St. Anthony Hospital doubled and hot water, steam heating, and water supply installed. Number of out-patients: medical, 881; surgical, 826. Total, 1707.

Orphanage doubled; will accommodate forty children. Steam heating and hot water supply installed.

Industrial. Considerable progress made in the weaving of homespun—four prizes secured in open exhibition in St. John's. Apparatus for polishing Labrador blue stone (Labradorite), successfully installed.

Engineering work. Large new steel working engineering lathe installed and wood-working machinery. A haul-up slip commenced for repairing our boats. Much work done on peat bog, drying peat, and on new roads.

Reindeer now 800 in good condition; two new apprentices; Lapps sent home.

Water Supply. A new enlarged reservoir built on the hillside to give constant supply of running water.

Tuberculosis. A large new open-air shack added, a gift of the Anti-Tuberculosis Society, situated among the trees high up the hillside above the hospital.

Schools. Large new school built. First kindergarten apparatus installed, and first teaching commenced.

Battle Harbor. The large new reservoir built and constant water supply brought into hospital. A thorough new drainage system completed.

The yawl "Pomiuk" transferred to Battle owing to gift from "Yale" to Indian Harbour.

Agriculture. First ploughing of land for pasture. Much work done in clearing and fencing of land, and experimenting with hardy seeds and plants.

Wharf. Wharf lengthened by large blocks, enabling mail steamer to come directly alongside to land and re-embark patients without the sometimes disastrous ferrying in small boats.

Stores. New coal store added. A new store for supplies is badly needed.

Indian Harbor. The open air sunning annex finished. A beautiful new power yawl, the "Yale," donated and brought down by Yale students, added for the Doctor's work. Obtained Government subsidy to carry mails, making her work more efficient and economical.

Harrington. New wharf added. Built store and carpenter's shop. Yawl Daryl transferred here from St. Anthony, where she was replaced by the "McCosh," given by Princeton students and friends.

Strathcona. New wheel house and captain's cabin added. Marconi system again carried with great advantage.

Forteau. A doctor stationed here all winter, a doctor and nurse from Battle Harbor transferred to Cartwright, where a small hospital was opened for the winter.

Workers. Two volunteer surgeons from England, one Canadian teacher, one doctor and three new nurses and many volunteers from the United States, helped very materially in the efficiency of the work of the Mission. During the year more than 5,000 patients received treatment.

W. T. GRENFELL.

The Grenfell Association of America

(INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF NEW YORK.)

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The object of the Grenfell Association of America is to assist Dr. Grenfell in his work in Labrador and the northern peninsula of Newfoundland.

It is not the intention of the Grenfell Association to take the place of the support now furnished to Dr. Grenfell by the Home Society or by the other friends who have so generously contributed to his work in the past, but rather to supplement this by additional funds for the expansion and increased efficiency of the work.

All those who desire to have a part in this work are requested:

(1) To join the Grenfell Association of America (dues \$2 annually).

(2) To spread information about and promote interest in the work.

(3) To contribute to its maintenance either by subscription or donation.

Five thousand dollars given at one time makes one a Patron.

Fifteen hundred dollars will endow a cot permanently.

One thousand dollars given at one time makes one a Life Member.

Five hundred dollars will meet the annual expenses of a hospital launch.

Fifty dollars will support a cot for one year.

Thirty-five dollars will furnish a room in the Fishermen's Home, and give the donor the right to name it.

Seven dollars will provide a ton of coal for the steamer.

Gifts of clothing in good repair, blankets, books, and magazines for loan libraries, medical supplies, dental and surgical instruments, toys for children, lantern slides for teaching, will also be welcomed, and may be sent to the Grenfell Association, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Subscriptions for the Association and membership dues should be sent to Mr. Eugene Delano, Treasurer, 59 Wall Street, New York; all other communications to Mr. Willis E. Lougee, Secretary, Room 404, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE GRENFELL ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, INC.

The friends and supporters of Dr. Grenfell who are already organized into associations or committees have become affiliated with this general association, and thereby are enabled to aid him more effectively; those who are not so organized can form such associations or committees much more advantageously with the aid of the general association.

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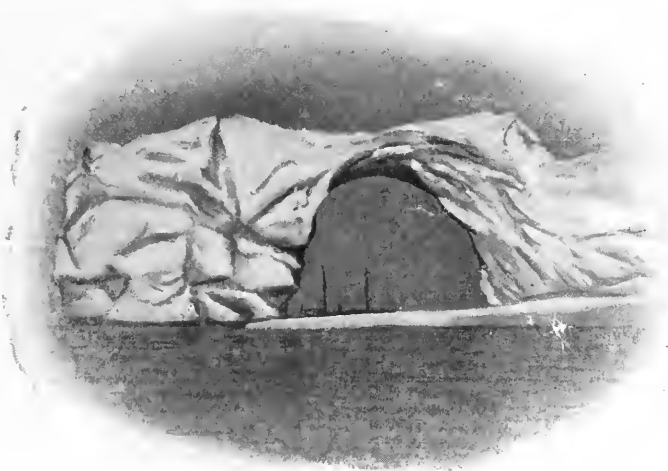
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A Fishing Fleet



"Greylock" Dr. Grenfell's Reindeer



The Strathcona in Company with an Iceberg



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